

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. HUNTERSVILLE, West Virginia, Thursday, November, 21 1889. Terms of: \$1.00 PER YEAR. IN ADVANCE. No. 18.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintock.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeal.
City and Co. Clerk, J. J. Beall.
Assessor, C. O. Artogast.
Com. Treas. Co., C. E. Beall.
C. S. Beall.
C. S. Beall.
C. S. Beall.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Monday in April, first Monday in June and first Monday in October.
County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is a leap year.

C. F. MOORE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

L. M. MCCLINTOCK,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

D. A. STOFER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARHUCKLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for contribution to Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county.

D. R. WYNANT,
Attorney-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.
Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county.

D. E. F. PATTERSON,
Physician & Surgeon,
Huntersville, W. Va.
Poor, Foolish Men.

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A superior shoe polish, which not only cleans and shines the shoe, but also keeps it soft and pliable. Sold by all dealers in shoes and notions.

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OUR LOVE STORY.

"We had been so happy!" I kept saying to myself. "We had been so happy!" And now it was all over—everything was over for me. He would take what he had chosen instead, but I—

I burst into tears as I sat on the rock by the spring where we had met so often—where I was waiting for him now—but I never faltered in saying to myself: "We must part. He is neither true to me nor to heaven—we must part."

And what was he? Only the village doctor—Benjamin Roe. And what was I? Only a little school teacher. Our united incomes were far less than anything that the wise ones of society papers declare it "possible to marry on," but we had no fear. He was winning his way, and we loved each other; and as I began by saying, we had been very happy.

But there had come to Johnstown where we lived, a lady of wealth, who gazed about her a certain little clique of scornful stylish people. They were openly in fact in opinion; all that I had been brought up to believe right and good they mocked at. All this would have been nothing to me in my school house or in my own little room. I might not have done more than notice the handsome dresses of the ladies when they walked out or role with their attendant cavaliers, and never have asked what their opinions were, but that soon after their arrival Mrs. Norland was taken ill and sent for Dr. Roe. He was handsome, well read, full of bright fancy, and ready to enjoy himself at any time.

He relieved the lady of the pain she suffered, and became the family doctor at once. It was a step toward success. Naturally, he did not turn a cold shoulder to his patients when they offered him social invitations.

From the first he was fascinated by the freedom from restraint in thought and action that prevailed in the house. No doubt, I was straitlaced, but what he thought delightful I thought wrong. It seemed to me, from what he said, that Mrs. Norland was a very immoral woman. Certainly she had no religion whatever. When Dr. Roe gradually was coming to me, when he refused to go to church with me, and began to tell me not to go when he said, openly, that when we were married I must give all that up when, at last, he began to deny the existence of a Deity, and say, as they did of the Norlands, that man had no soul that all ended here, and that he was happy while we lived should be our only object, my heart sank within me. I loved him so dearly that I was quite willing to marry him if he would let me go in my own way. I believed that my influence and perhaps my prayers might win him back to heaven.

A young man with good principles would surely do what was right at last, and when he began to talk of forsaking me to listen to the good words I heard in church, or even to kneel in prayer at home, I felt that I should be willing to promise to play him, and that there could be no hope for a home divided against itself.

I shall not tell you what position that man I belonged to—then, then, then. All Christians worship God and try to follow Jesus, and nothing that he might, out of his own free will, give me any way, I have hardly been spoken with

him—such is the weakness of woman's heart—but that tales reached me that made me feel that he was not true to me.

It was hard for a girl to speak of such a thing as the beginning of her lover's heart by a wicked married woman; but I had no one to speak for me, and with my first words we quarreled. He called me an old fashioned little Pharisee, and said that my husband would be a slave if I had my way—a slave to superstitions of all sorts; that he was a man, and knew what was right and best; that I need not think that he should never look at a pretty face or take a glass of wine with a friend.

At the moment he was flushed with what he had been drinking at the Norlands'. He said more than he meant, no doubt, but it spurred me on to do what I had resolved to do and at last I said:

"Benjamin Roe, just here where we now sit I promised to marry you; here I take back that promise. We should only make each other wretched for life."

All he answered was: "No doubt you are right."

And then I took my ring from my finger and gave it to him. He turned away, and I heard his feet amongst the rustling autumn leaves long after I could see him.

And it was all over—half over! And then indeed I wept and wished that I could die just there where I had been so happy.

Time passed, and I grew used to it. As for Ben, he got on well. Fashionable people called him in. In fact, he was the fashionable doctor of the place, and had an office in the handsomest portion of the town. For my part, I kept my school, and, isolated with the motherly old widow who had been kind to me when I first came to the place, a stranger.

My happiest day was the 5th birthday, which I spent in church, teaching my little ones and attending to all the services; and then I tried to think only of heaven and its joys, and to do what good I could. But I cannot say I was ever more than quietly cheerful—the brightness had gone out of my life.

It is natural for young people to look forward to something and to enjoy their lives, and I think that God meant that every girl should have a lover and every woman a husband and children of her own, and that we should all be grateful for the good things he has given us and take our own share.

I might have had lovers—I might have married—but, with all his faults, I could not care for any one as I did for Benjamin Roe; and a wretched thing indeed would married life be without true tenderness.

I was on my way to be a spinster. As for Ben, one day there was a great scandal in the town. He had had a quarrel with Mr. Norland about his wife. More than a quarrel—blows had been struck, shots fired. The woman's character was now entirely gone; their home was broken up.

Mr. Norland sought a divorce and gained it. Respectable people dropped a doctress who had such evil notoriety, and one day I heard that he had left Johnstown.

"Better for him," I thought, "the quiet life he would have led with me—better even than a wisely pointed fork."

And still I believed that he had sought to prevent what he had only been free and had not been constrained.

And again I passed on with my own sense of importance

coming into my life, and I expected to live and die in Johnstown—a school teacher—spinster—Johnstown, of which the rest of the world knew nothing to speak of.

You all know how sadly it became famous one wild day. I shall never forget that day for many reasons.

I had just given my scholars their summer holiday and had my time to myself, and I had been all through the rain to see a poor, sick woman who was quite destitute. The good widow with whom I lived was away, she had gone to another State to visit a married daughter, and the house was lonely. I had heard that Dr. Roe was in the place—that he had come down to see about some lots of ground, almost worthless when he bought them, but lately become valuable—and at every step I half feared, half hoped to meet him. The idleness of my holiday led me to think of myself, and I was very sorrowful.

As I passed the church door it stood open, and an impulse led me in.

An old woman was dusting the cushions, polishing the pew doors, and setting books in order in the racks, and I went forward to the front of the church and sat down before a pointed window I loved to look at. Jesus, the Shepherd, with the lamb on his arms, smiled on me as though between earth and heaven.

I began to feel a strange peace steal over me—a promise of happiness. My heart went forth to my old love, and for all the pain he had given me I forgave him. I hoped that he was leading a better life and thinking better thoughts.

I remember saying to myself that so I should like to feel on the day of death—loving all men and having no fear whatever of the mysteries beyond this life, whatever they might prove to be.

I think that I had fallen asleep listening to the wind and the beat of the rain upon the roof, when suddenly I was aroused by screams and cries. People came rushing in to the church, crying out in terror. The water was already making a pond of the place, and those who sought safety had climbed to the pulpit or rushed up to the gallery.

As I stood dazed and trembling an arm seized me about the waist. "The dam is down!" shouted a voice in my ear. I was hurried away up beyond the gallery into the bell tower. The crowd followed us and now we saw the water coming down toward us like a great black wall. Such a sight was never seen!

I turned to look into the face of the man who had helped me to the bell. I had no doubt as to who he was even before I looked, but when I saw Benjamin Roe I felt happy and had no fear. Death was before me; but he had sought me, hoping to save me, and in his arms I should die.

"God have mercy on our souls!" said I.

He answered: "Amen!"

He helped me to a little wooden boat above the bell, and there we clung together. It was the lightest point we could reach. The water rose all round.

"Forgive me," he said in my ear. "Forgive me, Agnes; I have repented, heaven knows—and I never was so wicked as they made me out. I loved Mrs. Norland. I admired her, but I did not wrong her because he had when he wronged

that he believed it. He wanted to marry another woman. I have loved you all along; I came back to tell you so and win you again if I could. I am a better man."

All I could do was to answer him with a kiss, for at that moment the black water struck the church.

Then I was floating, floating—beaten this way and then that; but his arms were always about me. Some broken plank gave us support. I never moved, but I prayed without ceasing; I prayed to be saved with him as to die with him, as was God's will.

And others prayed—prayed earnestly his better people—and yet were drowned. Let no vainglorious fancy that my prayer was better than theirs seem to dwell in my heart, for indeed it is not there; but I am humbly thankful that God saw fit to let me live a little longer and that at last, upon dry land, we knew that day were given us in which to live together.

It was sad and terrible indeed to stand hand in hand and look upon what seemed almost the destruction of the world. We shall never forget it or be as glad as if we had not seen it, but as we were the world to each other after all.

I am Ben's wife to-day, and I believe him to be a good man. As for me, may I know my own faults too well to be severe on any of his I may discover.—Mary Kyle Dallas.

Society Round-up—"Then you think that Jack cares for me?"

Old Siager—"I'm sure of it. His eyes followed you every movement last night."

(Alarmed)—"Gracious! Do you really think he saw all I ate at the supper?"

Mrs. Youngwife (three months after marriage)—"Charlie, dear, let me shave you some time, will you?"

Mr. Youngwife—"No, my darling, I can't trust you with a razor, you might cut your little fingers."

Mrs. Youngwife (three years after marriage)—"Charlie, let me shave you will you?"

Mr. Youngwife—"No, old woman, you'd be sure to cut my throat, let alone spoiling the razor. Take the carving knife and go practice on the butter."

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The POCAHONTAS TIMES has made arrangements with the publishers of the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph by which we will send the two papers to any address in the United States or Canada, postage prepaid, one year for the sum of \$1.00.

Address the POCAHONTAS TIMES, Huntersville, W. Va.

Peachontas Times.

JOHN E. CAMPBELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Entered at the Post-office at Huntersville, W. Va., as second class matter.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Per inch 1 m. 3 m. 6 m. 1 yr.
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 Five copies, 1 yr., \$1.00 in advance; after 1 month, \$1.25; after 6 months, \$1.50. These terms will be strictly complied with.

Huntersville, W. Va.

November 27, 1889.

Jordan is a Rare Bird to Travel.

In a word, Jordan is a bird to travel, and what with the tariff tiger and the pension elephant, it will be simply a mercy of God if the administration gets out of the jungle alive. In six months there will be discord worse confounded. In 12, the surplus will be gone, and the Treasury will be shivering around to raise the money necessary to defray the expenses of the Government. So, with the vote of Tuesday behind it, and hell itself before, the Republican outlook is about as reassuring as that which faced the gentleman in the tale, who found himself betwixt the devil and the deep, blue sea.

All things augur well for the Democracy. In the first place, we are right; right on the great questions of the day. In the second place, we have had it out among ourselves, and are a unit in head and heart. And, finally, God has raised up at least three new leaders in New Jersey, one in Ohio and one in Iowa, so that we are no longer limited to a single State, or individual, for a national standard bearer in 1892, but may pick and choose from a good field, selecting him, who, as events shall disclose, is fittest to lead and surest to win. Let the dead past bury its dead. Turn to the glorious future. The Democratic sun is in the ascendant. Be that sun at once our guide and our banner as it rises in the heavens, a sure harbinger of Democratic triumph in 1892.—Henry Waterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Locate or Corporations.

"Yes, we may congratulate ourselves that this cruel war is nearly to a close. It has cost a vast amount of treasure blood. The best blood of the flower of the American youth has been freely offered upon our country's altar that the nation might live. It has been indeed, a trying hour for the Republic, but I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of our country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong the reign by working up the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel that this moment more anxiously for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my sentence may prove groundless."

The largest family in West County, W. Va., consists of eighteen persons—father, mother, eight sons and eight daughters.

Miss Mary Glynn, recently wedded to the Honorable Richard, is thirty-nine years old. Her distinguished husband was sixty-one years of age last month.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE FOR TAXES.

Notice is hereby given that the following described tracts or lots of land, in the county of Peachontas, which are delinquent for the non-payment of taxes for the years 1887 and 1888, will be offered for sale by the undersigned sheriff, at public auction at the front door of the Court House of said county, between the hours of ten in the morning and four in the afternoon on the 10 day of December, 1889, that being the second Tuesday in the month. Each tract or lot, or so much thereof as shall be necessary, will be sold for so much cash, as is sufficient to satisfy the amount due thereon, as set forth in the following table:

NAME OF PERSON CHARGED WITH TAXES	QUANTITY OF LAND	LOCAL DESCRIPTION	AMOUNT DUE	REMARKS
EDRAY DISTRICT.				
Armstrong, R. F.	514	Swago.	\$1.07	
W. B. & W. E. T. Co.	354	Swago.	4.93	
Same	293	W. B.	3.69	
Same	63	Tea Cr. & Elk	1.11	
Harzard, L. R.	94	W. Clover Cr.	1.47	
Brown, David Sr. (col)	100	Bridley Lick.	1.73	
Burgess, David M.	1124	W. Swago.	6.41	
Same	150	Same	1.27	
Camera, Geo. H.	279	Dry Branch	4.39	
Chavon, Jarrett.	100	Bridley Lick.	1.10	
Carter, Lloyd L.	104	Laurel Cr.	2.49	
Clayton R. J.	140	Swago Knob	1.05	
Dorr, C. P.	4,534	Gandy River.	21.12	
Friel, David	210	Gr. River.	2.14	
Friel, John	100	W. G. River.	2.80	
Gay, Martha J.	11	Sulphur Spr.	1.65	
Hovey, Wm. H.	1,320	W. & G. River.	6.41	
Same	28,500	Laurel Cr. Wm. R.	123.44	
Same	2,760	Wm. River	12.34	
Same	2,463	Same	10.61	
Same	1,656	Same	8.36	
Hepler, Sam'l M.	11	Dry Branch	1.57	
Hogsett, Jos. T.	69	Old Field Fork	2.55	
Hovey, W. H.	2,050	Gandy River	9.28	
Same	2,450	Same	12.34	
Same	2,450	Same	11.92	
Same	2,216	Same	10.94	
Same	575	Same	2.95	
Same	450	W. Elk	2.29	
Jackson, Wm	100	St. Fork	5.15	
McDonald, Geo. W.	304	Thoray Flat.	16.83	
Same	1,633	Big Spring.	88.36	
Same	167	Same	2.28	
Moore, J. B.	14	N. Elk Rv.	.88	
Scott, Mary A. (Va.)	653	Wm. River	9.10	
Smiley, Wm	1,600	W. Elk	12.09	
Skiles, James B.	1	Marline Bottom.	7.22	
Ware, Letitia	80	Poage Place.	1.69	
Williams, Sarah R.	912	Bridley Lick.	1.04	
Whitson, John Hrs	530	Big Spring & Co.	27.37	
Warwick, J. W. & Hall's Hrs	20	Lower Creek	4.31	
Same	29	W. Greenbrier.	.66	
Same	266	Same	3.76	
LITTLE LEVELS DIST.				
Bruffy, Mary J.	89	Bruffy's Cr.	2.05	
Cackley, Valentine Est.	266	S. & W. G. Run.	2.58	
Dean, J. P.	87	Mill Run	1.02	
Gardner, J. A.	38	G. River	21.78	
Hubbard, H. B.	820	L. & L. Run	14.79	
Hubbard, Thos. & Jas. Redwell	6,877	Pl. of 32,000.	94.23	
Layton, Absolm	295	Drop Mtn.	15.85	
McNeil, Rachel C. & Jas. Beard	38	Same	.88	
McClure, Rachel	50	W. S. Creek.	3.91	
Piles, John	420	Mill Run	1.94	
Same	230	Stevens Ridge.	3.57	
Smith, Thos. Est.	500	R. Flats.	8.01	
GREEN BANK DISTRICT.				
Bowers, Geo. W.	460	Lot No. 26 S. Land	1.85	
Same	29	" " 27. " "	.55	
Same	400	" " 31. " "	1.62	
Bird, Peter H.	120	All Mtn.	1.28	
Bright, John	40	Station Ridge	1.28	
Chestnut, Wm. & John's Hrs	39	All Mtn.	2.36	
Chestnut, Wm. Jun. & Jas.	507	Same	3.96	
Campbell, J. R. Hrs	60	W. G. River.	1.24	
Crouch, Hrs & G. D. Camden	1,300	Rd. G. Run	10.50	
Devels, John Est.	245	All Mtn.	1.97	
Erwin, Edward Est.	50	Same	1.10	
Kimble, Jas. & Ault	140	Rd. G. River.	1.70	
Meigs, John Est.	45	Deer Creek	1.68	
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est.	2,308	All Mtn.	12.55	
Slator, Mary A.	391	Brush Run	5.68	
Smith, Henry R.	2,000	Fork G. River	61.88	
Willing, Michael	537	W. Alleghany.	9.17	
HUNTERSVILLE DIST.				
Beard, Joseph, B. C.	2,400	Buckley Mtn.	8.31	
McNeil, Wm. Skeen, J.	1,700	All. Mtn	4.79	
McNeil, J. M. Sampson & J. Moore	24	Adj. Huntersville.	6.33	
Craig, Geo. Est.	111	Buckley Mtn	1.15	
Courtesy, Geo. W.	111	Buckley Mtn	1.15	
Grimes, David's Est.	277	Heavenly Cr.	1.32	
Same	100	Same	.85	
Gammock, Thos. Est.	—	Hall Alley	1.11	
Gammock, Jas. Est.	21	R. Alley, Huntersville	.72	
Halscomb, Jas.	48	R. Cookran's Crk.	1.86	
Judy, Samuel	554	Adj. P. Hare	1.90	
Kelley, John Sr. Est.	219	W. Knapp's Cr.	6.67	
McNeil, Rachel & Jas. Beard	2,400	Buckley Mtn	8.31	
Matheny, Daniel	25	Alleghany Mtn	.68	
Sharp, Jno. Sr. Est.	—	Alleghany Mtn	2.45	
Shuler, B. P. G.	15	Buckley Mtn	.30	
Townsend, W. T.	180	R. G. River	2.30	
Young, Chas.	180	Marline Mtn.	.95	

Reconciliation.—State tax, \$278.32; County tax, \$61.44; District tax, \$204.20. Total, \$744.02.

Any of the above land tracts or lots may be redeemed by the payment to the undersigned Sheriff, before sale, of the amount due thereon. Given under my hand this 4th day of November, 1889.

M. J. McNEAL, S. P. C.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

Vol. VII. JOHN L. CAMPBELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. Huntersville, West Virginia, Thursday, November, 23 1889. Terms: \$1.00 PER YEAR. No. 19.

Official Directory of Pocahontas County.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McChesney.
Sheriff, M. J. McNeal.
Deputy Sheriff, L. W. Boyd.
Clerk of Cir. & Co. Courts, J. J. Board.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r of Co. Ct., S. H. Hannah.
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.

THE COURTS.

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County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

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Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties.

H. S. RUCKER,
Attorney-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARMSTRONG,
Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. L. KEE,
Atty.-at-Law,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will practice in the Circuit Court of Pocahontas county.

F. J. SNYDER,
Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

RESIDENT DENTIST.
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

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THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

"Come on dear," said Amy, putting up her parasol.

"Dear?" came, a chubby five year old.

"We'll take a stroll up the road, Malcolm," said his young aunt.

"All right," said Malcolm.

They had come, Malcolm and his parents and his father's pretty sister, to pass the summer in Gloster. Gloster was only a hamlet, but it was cool and green and delightful.

"We'll go along by this stone wall, dear," said Amy.

They passed a maple grove; a little, old church, some farm houses, and then came suddenly upon a square, white building, with two doors in front and yellow blinded windows. Out of the doors barefooted children, with dinner pails, were coming.

"A district school," said Amy.

"And it looks so much like—but of course you don't remember. Malcolm. You were only two years old.

Strolling in a pleasantly retired setting way, Amy strolled up to the door.

She would have a congenial little chat with the teacher. Probably it was a spinster with a pointed nose and a shouder shawl, but—

She said Malcolm went in, and the teacher rose from the desk.

He was hardly a spinster! He was a tall, bright-eyed, dark mustache, indubitably good looking young man.

"Oh!" Amy faltered.

"Come in," said the schoolmaster, though they were in.

Amy mustered her courage. It was embarrassing, but after all it didn't alter the case. She would have her congenial talk just the same.

"We thought we'd come in," she said, sweetly smiling. "You see, I taught a time in a district school once myself, and—"

"Certainly," said the master. "I am always glad to have visitors. I'm sorry my school is out."

He hastened forward to meet her, and walked back down the side with her.

"I'd have been glad to see it," said Amy—not very regretfully, however. "See, Malcolm, dear, that rat on the blackboard."

"Yes, I illustrate their lessons for my primer children," said the teacher, laughing. "They like my pictorial efforts."

"What a pleasant laugh he had, and what a clearness and gaiety in his eyes!

Amy's heart beat a little faster. "It's such work, isn't it, teaching, ladies?" she said. "I had an infant of three in my school."

"Oh, I draw the line there! But I have them as small as this young man."

He pinched Malcolm's fat cheek. "Malcolm is five," said Amy.

"Have you many pupils I had only sixteen."

"Oh, I can beat that! I have forty."

"And you, do it all?" said Amy, her admiring eyes turned to him. "I'm afraid I'm presumptuous in trying to have a congenial talk," she laughed, self-deprecatingly. "You see, I taught only one term. It was expended the summer at Hinton, and the teacher was taken sick the first of the term, and I taught it for her. But I've shared it for her."

"I shall rank you among the past teachers, all the same," the young schoolmaster declared, gaily. "You've taught a school, and the sanctity of your teaching doesn't

matter. I don't know why we can't have a congenial talk."

"Perhaps we can," said Amy, with pretty laughter and a blush. They had it.

"We'll take a stroll up the road, Malcolm," said his young aunt.

"All right," said Malcolm.

They had come, Malcolm and his parents and his father's pretty sister, to pass the summer in Gloster. Gloster was only a hamlet, but it was cool and green and delightful.

They looked at each other in flushed alarm.

Their acquaintance was an hour and a half old.

"I've hindered you?" Amy cried.

"You've got lessons to make out, or something."

"I haven't," retorted the teacher, with a bright laugh. "I was going home. I live beyond the Clarke's, and I hope you'll let me go with you."

"Come, Malcolm, dear," said Amy turning aside her smiling face.

"I don't suppose you will care for my commencement," said the schoolmaster, at the Clarke's gate.

"It's day after tomorrow evening. I left it commencement in some way it was the mere stepping off of my higher class. Only is something of a celebration, here, you know. Everybody comes, and the school-board and my graduates and I ornament the platform just for the occasion, and it's a grand time—for Gloster. In it wouldn't pay you."

"But I shall come, of course," said Amy, and then blushed for having said "of course."

But the schoolmaster looked happy.

She went up the path in a sailing daze. Indeed it had been a congenial talk—amazingly congenial!

"Yes, Gloster's pretty quiet," said Mr. Clark at the supper table.

"I hope commencement, now, I'll have to last us rest of the summer."

"It'll be worth seeing, though. We've got as smart a teacher as you'll find. Born and brought up in Gloster, too, Phil Oakes was. Ain't he twenty-two. He's put in himself through college with his own hands—or his own head. Keeps up with his classes, somehow, right along with his teaching. Gets to have a first rate berth with his uncle in Marsden when he's found to get educated first. He'll amount to something, Phil Oakes! Well, you better go to commencement. You'll enjoy it."

"I shall go," Amy uttered, but tiring her roll.

Commencement was drawing to a close. The audience, which was large, had listened and applauded, and tossed flowers, and vigorously fanned itself for nearly two hours. The graduates had read their essays, and the chairman of the school board had presented their diplomas and made a short address.

Now it was the turn of the young master, and the audience gave him a little round of cheers as he rose to speak the parting words to the graduates. For Phil Oakes was certain to say something worth hearing.

So he did. The conventional sentiments about the verge of life and the part of seniors were for once forgotten. The young

master's speech, was short, but good; terse, but bright and interesting and amusing.

Amy looked and listened.

She was with her brother and sister in law, and she was rather doubtful as to the thing she intended doing; but she did not falter.

How nice he looked! And his bright eyes were turned toward her more than once. And she determined to do it if it was eccentric.

She grasped firmly the handsome nose of flowers she had carefully arranged, red and white and yellow roses, with a border of delicate ferns, and as the young master bowed, amid sincere applause, she threw it with vigor directly at him.

There was a general laugh at the novel feature, and then a spreading "Ah!" of consternation.

The big bunch had hit the rather rickety lamp on the organ and knocked it to the floor. There was the expected crash of breaking glass; but worse, there was a burst of flame. The oil had caught fire.

Of course there was a panic. Even men, in their first fright, pushed toward the door. Women screamed and children cried.

Everybody was certain that the building would burn, and there was a general rush and hubbub.

But Amy stood still. Her sister-in-law had grown almost hysterical and her brother had borne her out and called to Amy to follow.

But she did not. She stood motionless and watched one figure on the platform.

Phil Oakes had snatched up the carpet from the temporary platform, and was valiantly smothering the flames.

Amy waited. She had done it. If he was badly burned—if he was smothered—it would be her fault—hers! And how differently she had meant it! She had been foolish, but surely she did not deserve that her foolishness should be to his injury.

The time she stood motionless waiting—waiting till he should see and come to her, as she knew he would (for he must know from whom that bouquet had come)—the time seemed endless.

When he came, white faced but smiling, the tears rushed to her anxious eyes.

"I was such a goose!" she said. "What made me do it! You are injured—both your hands—and I did it!"

"No, no! A small burn or two—nothing!" said the schoolmaster, looking handsome as he bent to ward her. "Don't think I have your flowers, and they are worth it! Are you alone? Let me take you home."

She took his arm. He was not much hurt, and he held her flowers tightly in his hand, and they were going out into the cool night together, and she was almost glad.

For otherwise she would be going home with John and Margaret.

"My sister-in-law was hysterical with fright," said Amy, laughing and hallycrying together, and almost hysterical herself. "And my brother took her home. He told me to collect 'em!'"

"Your brother?" said Mr. Oakes.

"Yes."

"And your sister-in-law?"

"Why, yes."

"But I haven't seen them? Is he disappointed?"

"But you haven't called on me, Amy, returned, shyly.

"And I thought you were alone, he declared.

"But I'm not," she replied, blushing.

ering. The schoolmaster stopped short, and faced her.

"Is it possible," he said, solemnly—"is it possible that that child is your nephew?"

"Of course! What else could he be?" Amy cried.

There was a silence of some minutes.

"I thought he was your—son," said Phil Oakes, almost inaudibly.

"I thought you were a widow?"

"A widow?" she gasped.

She leaned against the fence and laughed until she was weak.

"I was sure you were a widow," he said. "You had on a black dress, you know."

"With yellow bows on it?" she replied in a soft scream.

"And the little bow was with you."

"Oh yes! Malcolm loves me. And Margaret was away that day?"

"And he looks like you."

"Yes, everybody says so."

"And you called him 'dear'! And I thought he called you 'mummy'?"

"Aunt Amy," she corrected, faint with laughter.

"I see," said the schoolmaster, slowly. "Do you know," he added, gazing down upon her, "that it has worried me ever so much? Somehow I didn't like to think of you being a widow. I liked you," said the schoolmaster, rather breathlessly. "I liked you right away. That was a congenial talk, wasn't it? and I—I admitted you. But I was entirely persuaded that you were a widow with a young, hopeful, and somehow I didn't like the idea in the least. On my soul I don't know why," said the young man, laughing as he looked down upon her.

And he didn't know, though he blushed as he said it, and though she of the rose-bouquet had her pretty face turned away.

But he knew later. The summer was long, and the Clarke's front porch and croquet ground were rich in opportunity. When the young schoolmaster went back to college in the fall he left a modest diamond ring behind him. And when two years later, the bright graduate went to fill a remunerative position in Marsden, he took his young wife with him. Saturday night.

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